

Chapter 37

I Came to Visit My Woman

Miles tapped his finger on the bowl on his table.

Did he magically conjure this out of thin air? Stella walked up to the table to check on the contents in the bowl. "What is it?"

"It's chicken and vegetable soup."

Before she asked him for a reason, she recalled that she just had an abortion, so he was in fact trying to nurse her back to health. Instantly, her heart was filled with warmth. She and Zane had been trapped in a vicious cycle in their relationship. Despite his repeated declarations of love, he never actually acted on them. His lack of care toward her was perhaps because the child didn't belong to him.

No wonder he wanted me to come take care of the plants. It's just an excuse to get me to drink the soup. After she downed the soup, she went back downstairs, forgetting to even thank him.

When the janitor was cleaning the broken vase shards, she found a bunch of keys on the rack, so she asked, "President Grant, are these your keys?"

Upon checking on them, Miles replied, "No, but you can give them to me." He figured that Stella might've left them there after she tried to use the keys to help her reach the crystal vase. From what he could see, he deduced that all of Stella's keys were with him. With a conniving smile, he thought, Great. I have some leverage against her now.

When she got home at night, Stella couldn't find her keys. Figuring that she might've left them in the office, she didn't dwell on it. Since Zane was at home, he was the one who opened the door for her. After dinner, he told her he needed to leave the house for a bit and wouldn't be back until for quite some time. She grunted upon hearing him. After all, they were living under the same roof, so at the least they were showing some common courtesy.

After that, she went and took a hot shower in the bathroom. She had her own bathroom in her room, so she didn't normally pay attention to her attire after a shower. Besides, Zane wasn't in the house. Her face was round and fair, while her hair was slightly curled up. She left her room in a slightly disheveled state, as her bathrobe was slightly undone, partially revealing her chest.

She was thirsty, so she poured herself some water in the living room, only to see someone smoking while sitting on the sofa in the living room. The man who was examining her as if he were the master of the house was none other than Miles.

Startled by his presence, Stella spaced out for a moment before asking, "President Grant, aren't you afraid that the master of the house might come back while you're sitting here, pretending to be him?" Upon realizing her lack of modesty, she quickly tightened the bathrobe around her body. It wasn't until then that she recalled she'd left her keys in his office this morning.

At this time, Miles had his legs crossed, watching her with a lazy yet conniving gaze. "The Messiah has come, so it's time for the impostor to leave. I have nothing to fear."

Stella was exasperated by how brazen he was despite the fact that he was, in fact, the one who trespassed. However, she also realized she had nothing to fear upon witnessing how unapologetic he was. Her throat was parched, so she left to get some water at the water dispenser.

When she bent down, the hem of her robe moved to her sides to reveal her lean and fair thigh. Miles could see everything clearly from where he sat. Slightly lowering his gaze, he seemed neither greedy nor lustful, but he was staring straight ahead. It took some time before Stella realized what he was staring at. Feigning ignorance, she held her glass of water while straightening her posture. Her face was flushed when she drank her water.

Meanwhile, he regarded her with a blatantly sexual gaze. Just when she took a sip out of the glass, Miles shot up from the sofa before pulling her into his arms. She was holding a glass of warm water, so she dared not retaliate. Her arm drew a curved line in the air before she felt herself landing on his lap while still holding onto the water.

Stella felt like she was sitting on pins and needles, so she tried to stand up due to the uneasiness she felt. After all, they were in her house, and Miles wasn't her legal spouse. Overwhelmed by a guilty conscience, she felt like she was cheating on her husband. "I'm not Aphrodite," she said with her head hung low. She never was a lecherous person.

"Nor am I Ares." He flicked a finger on her smooth and bouncy right cheek. After that, she didn't know what else to do. Due to her posture, her robe slid off to the sides, completely revealing her thighs. Seeing that, he couldn't help but reach out to touch her thigh, slowly sliding his hand to the region between her legs.

Unlike Zane, who had a splinter stuck in him regarding the fact that Stella's virginity didn't belong to him, Miles was totally comfortable with being involved sexually with her, as he knew for a fact that Stella had always been his.

Meanwhile, Stella was wiggling around under his touch, as she had a sensitive body. His breathing got increasingly labored as she wiggled. Without letting her leave, he took the glass of water away to set it down on the table, while his arms clamped around her even harder. She could only loop her arms around his neck while burying her face in his shoulder. They never flirted like that before.

Her soft chest stuck to Miles' body, and his hand was caressing her gently. All the while, neither of them spoke. It wasn't until Zane walked in on them did Stella shoot up from where she sat like a frightened animal. Although Zane knew she used to carry Miles' baby, he never witnessed them being intimate. Therefore, they were caught red-handed while committing adultery. While it wasn't the most glamorous thing to be caught doing, it was the ugly truth that she had to acknowledge.

Witnessing them being intimate appalled Zane, who walked up to Miles in disbelief. "What is the meaning of this, President Grant? What are you doing? She is my wife! How dare you flirt with my wife in my house?"

What he said disconcerted Stella. However, Miles seemed unperturbed as he remained sprawled out on the sofa languidly. "I came to visit my woman."

Zane glared at him while in a frenzied state. Pointing at Stella, he bombarded Miles with a multitude of questions. "Do you like her? Why do you like her? She had given herself away before marrying me! After that, she went on to seduce you—"

His accusations put Stella in a difficult position. If Miles hadn't been her first man, she wouldn't be able to face herself. Fortunately, Miles knew of her past. "I just fell for her. On the contrary, you should let Miss Johansson go if you don't like her. You're both still young. There's no point getting yourselves trapped in this endless vicious cycle."

Grabbing onto the vase on the table, Zane's motions suggested that he would smash it on either of them any second. Stella had been noticing that a storm was brewing, so that current moment would indicate that Zane would be waging war against Miles.

"You sneaky b*stards! I'll kill you guys!" Zane was about to smash the vase on them.

Still sitting on the sofa unmoving, Miles spoke calmly, "Mr. Levitt, if I'm not mistaken, that vase is extremely valuable. Within a few days, it might be the most valuable item you possess."

Zane was startled by his remark, but soon realized he was right. With his status as the most influential person in Hollowcrest City, he could easily force multiple companies into bankruptcy. There was no way he could live with the consequences of offending Miles.

Also, he knew Miles was doing so to avenge his lost child, which was something that he never anticipated, for the child was but an illegitimate child. With his eyes wide open, Zane was fixated on the floor in front of him. Strictly speaking, Stella wasn't his woman, as he never even touched her. Thus, he collapsed on the ground before asking, "What do you want?"

"Simple. If you don't love her, just divorce her," Miles replied.

"You don't know how much I love her! I treasure her more than my own life, but I just can't get over the fact that she slept with someone else other than me!" Zane began weeping.

"If you can't get over it, then stop trying. Now then, for the time being, Stella will be living with you, so you'll be held accountable if she's harmed in any manner!" With that, Miles left the house.

He was no longer patient nor tolerant toward Zane. It was just in his nature to treat someone accordingly after passing judgement on them.

On the contrary, Stella stood there dumbfounded. Miles patted her on the face before standing to leave. At that moment, she realized her father was right, as Miles was a star that she couldn't possibly reach.

As the situation stood, Stella was a precious item that Miles left in Zane's care, so he could only watch over her, but never lay a finger on her. In the past, he merely wanted not to make a move on her, but now, he dared not.

After glancing at Zane, who was a heap of mess that had collapsed on the ground, Stella retired to her room.

The next day, Kevin seemed to be in good spirits. Affected by his good mood, Stella inquired if he had good news, to which he replied, "Of course I have good news! We've secured a large project!"

“Am I coming with you?” Stella moved closer while asking secretively.

“You’re my apprentice, so of course you’re coming!” Kevin told her. Despite the fact that he was well over the age of fifty, he still had a child-like side to him. Since he didn’t tell her who commissioned them, Stella didn’t pry. She figured she didn’t need to ask, as she would know sooner or later since he promised to bring her with him.

By two o’clock in the afternoon, they left in Kevin’s car. She’d set aside a pair of flats in her space for the sole purpose of such trips.

Located on a hill, their destination wasn’t far from the company. They arrived at a huge mansion, which Zane’s house was dwarfed in comparison. It was an astonishing sight to behold.

The mansion had a front yard and a backyard, as well as a gazebo beside a tremendous structure. Kevin was commissioned to design a gardenscape for the owner, who requested for a classical and scenic gardenscape.

As the owner wasn’t at home, the butler let them in. Still, Stella thought the owner was classy and knew how to enjoy life. When Kevin and Stella were checking on the style of the yard in order to determine the style they would go with, a phone could be heard ringing in the room behind them.